

August 2019

Harry Bluff

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Harry Bluff" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 331.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/331

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The Flower of DUMBLANE.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials

THE sun had gone down the lofty Ben Lomand
And left the red cloud to preside o'er the scene
While lonely, I stray o'er the calm summer gloaming
To muse on sweet Jessy the flower of Dumblain.

How sweet is the briar wi' its soft faulding blossom
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
Yet sweeter and fairer and dear to my bosom,
Is lovely young Jessy the flower of Dumblain.

She's modest as any, she's blithe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
And far be the villain divested of feeling,
Would blight in its bloom the flower of dumblain

sing on thou sweet mavis thy hymn to the e'ening
Thou art dear to the echoes of Catherwood glen
Sne's dear to this bosom she's artless and winning
Is lovely young Jessy the flower of Dumblain.

How lost were my days till I met with young Jessy
The sports of the city seemed foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I could call my dear lassie
Till blest wi' young Jessy the flower of Dum-
blain.

Tho' mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
Amid its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as nothing the height of its splendor,
If wanting young Jessy the flower of Dumblain.



The Gay Guitar

YES I will eave my fathers halls,
To roam along with thee,
Adieu Adieu my native walls,
To other scenes I flee.

we will leave the silent glade,
Where we have stray'd afar,
And you shall play my dearest maid,
Songs on your gay guitar.

Songs on your gay guitar
O'er gentle love, shall be our guide!

To a far distant land,
And whether bliss or woe betide,
This heart you shall command!

I'll tell you tales of older years,
Of hapless love, of war,
But should they cause you pearly tears,
Sound, Sound, your gay guitar.

Sound, Sound your gay guitar



HARRY BLUFF.

J. Catnach, Printer 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.—Sold
by Bennett, Brighton; Pierce, Southborough.

HARRY BLUFF when a boy left his friends at
his home,
His dear native land on the ocean to roam,
Like a sapling he sprung he was fair to the view,
He was true British oak the older he grew.
Tho' his body was weak and his hands they were set
When the signal was given he was first up aloft,
The veterans all said that he'd one day lead the van
And tho' rated a boy he had the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British sailor.

When by manhood promoted and burning for fame
In peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same,
So true to his love and in battle so brave,
May the myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
In battle he fell when by Victory crown'd,
The flag shot away fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck when he cried out avast,
And the colours of old England he nail'd to the mast,
And he died like a true British sailor.